



Can I Just Stay Here?

by the way

Can I Just Stay Here? by heylittleangel

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: And I mean a LOT, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Hurt/Comfort, I swear I aimed for fluff, M/M, Not a lot of angst, Richie goes to Eddie cause he hadn't anywhere else to go, but it didn't happen like that, but there is some, eddie takes care of richie, just some Reddie, they love each other a lot, this happens after the arcade incident with Richie

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Summary:

“Richie opened and closed his mouth a few times, not seeming to know what to say, and that alone made Eddie’s heart be filled with worry; Trashmouth not knowing what to say? That smelled problem from miles away. Richie finally sighed as he lowered his eyes, hands fidgeting with the hem of his shirt. “I know we’re not supposed to see each other and that your mother’s pissed, but can I... stay here? Just for a few hours? Please?” The last word broke as Richie spoke them, breaking Eddie’s heart along with it.

He stepped aside, waving Richie in, and it wasn’t just because of that word that he did; it was Richie’s appearance: he looked too pale for it to be healthy, Eddie could see his hands shook slightly by his side, a scrap on one of his arms, grass on his clothes as if he had rolled on it, but what got

most of Eddie's attention was the scared expression in Richie's face; as if he had just seen a ghost or a monster, which seemed more than likely."

1. Eddie's POV

Author's Note:

Hello there! How are you all? So, I got out of a 5h exam today, super depressed, and just wanted to write something. It was supposed to be fluffy but... I still hope you enjoy it cause I sure did. I absolutely love writing Reddie and I want to do it a bunch more. I still got some ideas but not the time.

Anyways, hope you enjoy it!



Eddie was on his bed, throwing his stress ball up in boredom— *It'll be good for you, Eddie-bear, it'll help you so use it* —, getting it on his other hand with a sigh. He couldn't see what was so good about the ball that his mother *insisted* on getting for him and said he should use it; it didn't make time pass fast enough and it didn't make him less bored or stressed. If anything, it made him even more stressed than if he didn't play with it. He had to control his will of throwing it as hard as he could on the other side of the room, just to get that small pleasure in breaking something.

Instead, he closed his fingers around the ball, tightening his hold on

it as hard as he could, closing his eyes to focus solely on it. Eddie wanted to be able to make the ball explode just with one hand but he knew it wouldn't work; he wasn't strong enough and he was sure the ball was made for that *not* to happen. So he only squeezed it for as long as could, hand starting to hurt and send sparks of pain up his arm. Still, he didn't let go; he kept on tightening his hold until he couldn't take it anymore, and let the ball fall from his hand with a quiet thud against the bed. He rubbed his face in annoyance, eyes opening to stare at the ceiling.

After being closed up in his house for so long, Eddie knew *everything* that could be known about his ceiling; he knew exactly where were each of the stains and what had caused them, he knew where there were cracks and where you could see the older paint. He could see them with his eyes closed and pinpoint exactly where they were. He was starting to think he should change to staring at one of the walls; he would at least have four options instead of just one and there would be new stains and cracks to discover. *Yay.*

Eddie was about to roll over and see if he could manage to fall asleep—only thing interesting there was to do at home, alone, in the middle of the summer—when there were frantic knocks on his window. He frowned as he pushed himself out of the bed, dragging his feet as he made his way to it. Pushing the curtain away, he saw Richie's face practically glued to his window, wide eyes staring at him. Eddie thinned his lips as he turned to look at his door, making sure it was closed before pushing the window open as quietly as he could.

“What the hell are you doing here, Rich?” Eddie whispered as he moved his eyes from the door to Richie.

Richie opened and closed his mouth a few times, not seeming to know what to say, and that alone made Eddie's heart be filled with worry; Trashmouth not knowing what to say? That smelled like a problem from miles away. Richie finally sighed as he lowered his eyes, hands fidgeting with the hem of his shirt. “I know we're not supposed to see each other and that your mother's pissed, but can I... stay here? Just for a few hours? Please?” The last word broke as Richie spoke them, breaking Eddie's heart along with it.

He stepped aside, waving Richie in, and it wasn't just because of that

word that he did; it was Richie's appearance: he looked too pale for it to be healthy, Eddie could see that his hands shook slightly by his side, even closed in fists, he had a scrape on one of his arms, grass on his clothes as if he had rolled on it, but what got most of Eddie's attention was the scared expression in Richie's face, something Eddie wasn't used to; as if he had just seen a ghost or a monster, which seemed *more* than likely.

Eddie left the window open after Richie pulled himself over it, letting the fresh breeze inside the room to cool the heat. He made his way to the door, opening it just a crack to look around the corridor and make sure his mom wasn't home yet, locking it after he closed it. Richie had sit on the edge of the bed, hands between his legs and head bowed down, his glasses on the tip of his nose. Eddie could see that it wasn't just Richie's hands that were shaking; Richie's entire body was. He was careful as he sat by Richie's side, scared of startling him. Richie seemed to be avoiding his eyes, his lower lip being chewed by his teeth and hands fidgeting the other. He placed a soothing hand on top of Richie's, making him look up to him. Eddie pushed his glasses up with his other hand.

Richie had his pupils blown wide, his skin still too pale, and his eyes seemed to be shining as if there were tears in them. Eddie pushed aside all of his worries about germs and diseases and the fact that Richie was filthy as he pulled Richie between his arms, crushing him against his chest. Richie went willingly, letting himself be held like a toddler. His arms were around Eddie in seconds, head buried in Eddie's neck. Eddie could feel Richie shaking and he shushed him, running his hand up and down Richie's back, head resting on top of his. He didn't know what to do or say to make Richie feel better; he didn't even know why Richie was like that in the first place. It must've been something bad because not even Pennywise managed to do that to him. No one managed to shut Richie 'Trashmouth' Tozier up, not even an evil, kid-eater clown.

Eddie pulled Richie to the middle of the bed, resting his back against the wall and rocking them back and forth. Richie didn't seem to want to talk about whatever it was that made him scared like that and Eddie wasn't going to force him to; he was going to be there for him like he had many times before and would keep on being, for as long

as Richie needed him to, just as Richie was always there for him.

He lost track of the time as he rocked them back and forth, hand running up and down Richie's back still. He was starting to think Richie had fallen asleep when he broke the silence, "Thanks, Eds."

Eddie shrugged softly, relaxing against the wall as Richie relaxed on top of him, not even bothering to correct Richie on the nickname. "It's nothing, Rich, really. Are you feeling better?"

Richie sniffled as he let go of Eddie enough to be able to look at him. "A little yeah. I'm sorry for just coming when I know I shouldn't."

"Don't worry about it. Mah may be pissed but I'm not, and I'll be here for you, you know that, right?"

Richie smiled sadly at him, eyes lowering to his lap. Eddie frowned at his behaviour, wondering, once again, what could've possibly happened to make Richie so scared and silent.

His mouth was open and talking before he could stop himself, "What happened, Rich?" Eddie almost slapped himself for asking it but it made Richie raise his eyes again, so it couldn't be that bad.

"It was just Bowers, nothing much, don't worry about it."

Eddie scoffed lightly. "Not worry about it? Rich, you look like you just saw a ghost and you have a scrape on your arm. Did he do something to you?"

Richie seemed to finally realize the blood on his arm, raising his other hand to wipe it off. Eddie held his arm before he could. "Hey, are you crazy? You could get it infected. More than it probably is already. Let me get something to clean it up."

Eddie was up and walking towards the door before Richie could even open his mouth; and that had to be some kind of record in Eddie's perception. He made his way to the bathroom to get some supplies and then went back to his room. Richie was still staring at the scrape, eyes glassy and unfocused, probably lost in thought. It got Eddie even more worried about him, knowing it was never good when Richie was like that. It was rare to see him that way but, when he did, it was

always because something terrible had happened.

He kneeled by Richie's side and started to clean the scrape with ease. The alcohol barely got a hiss of pain out of Richie's mouth as Eddie ran the cotton on it, moving to place a bandage on it after. He noticed the soft smile Richie had on his lips as he put the supplies away but decided against saying anything, placing the first aid kit at the foot of the bed. Eddie then moved to sit on the bed again, back against the pillow, and pulled Richie to lay on him. Richie went willingly, head resting on Eddie's chest with one arm around Eddie's waist and the other by his face, hand resting on top of Eddie's heart. Eddie placed one arm on top of Richie's shoulders, his other hand in Richie's hair, running his fingers on it and relishing on its softness. Richie moved just to take his glasses off, placing them on the nightstand, returning to his position with a happy sigh.

Eddie felt at peace like that—aside from the nagging sensation he had about what had caused Richie to be like that—, the way he always did when he was with Richie. He could and did spend hours like that, only comfortable silence around them, and it was one of the best things to do, in Eddie's opinion. It was nothing like when he was all alone in his room, having nothing else to do but stare at the ceiling in annoyance. He was always bored like that and he could think of a million different things he would rather do. But, laying with Richie, just the two of them, nothing to worry about, no one to judge them for being 'too close', and nothing but companionship silence around them, was something Eddie could do every day and that would never get him bored. He was happy to just be with Richie, lean on him just as Richie leaned on him, and do nothing but sleep or relax all day long.

They would joke around, obviously, and that would be fun too; they would read comic books and eat stuff that his mother could not even dream about Eddie eating without having a heart attack; they would take naps spread on top of the other and complain when they woke up about the other drooling all about them. It was their ritual and Eddie wouldn't change it for the world; it made both of them happy and it was as natural as breathing to them.

When Eddie ran his hand on Richie's back, he noticed how relaxed he seemed, making him turn his head to look at Richie's face; eyes

closed, muscles relaxed, lips forming the barest of a smile. Eddie was more than happy to finally see Richie as his usual self; less loud but relaxed as he should be. It made Eddie smile too and he went back to running his fingers on Richie's hair with one hand, the other on his back. He closed his eyes, relaxing against the bed with a soft sigh. He knew his mother would be home in a few hours but he couldn't make Richie move if his life depended on it; he wanted nothing more than to have at least those hours with Richie before going back to his endless boredom. And he would enjoy it as much as he could, for as long as he could.

2. Richie's POV

Notes for the Chapter:

I know, I know, it was only one chapter, but there was a comment about a part two and my brain decided to come up with Richie's POV and I couldn't do anything else until I wrote it down. Everyone seemed to like it so much, so I decided to post it too, maybe you'll enjoy it as much as the other. I do have another idea like this one but I can't promise when I'll write it--which I will, as soon as I get the time.

I hope you like it because I just love writing these two dorks so much.



Richie breathed in deeply as kept his eyes closed, the sun keeping him almost too hot. He tried to calm himself down, erase Bowers's words and the image of the moving statue of his mind. His hands shook by his side, the cold sweat making them clammy. Richie knew he should get up and get out of there—people would start to wonder what the fuck he was doing there—but he couldn't bring himself to

actually do it; his legs didn't respond to his brain and they didn't seem to want to stand up.

The most he managed to do was force his eyes open, the sun almost blinding him as he stared into it. White spots danced in his vision but Richie didn't blink or moved his gaze away from it. If Eddie was there, he would probably say all the consequences of staring at the sun for too long; like blind him or something.

Eddie , Richie thought with a pain in his chest. Bowers's words rang in his mind again, hitting Richie harder than it should; nothing he had said was true so he shouldn't suffer about it, right? But there was a tiny voice inside his head saying that maybe it *was* true, Richie just didn't want to admit it, instead, hiding it as he usually did.

He shook his head with a sigh, finally closing his eyes. He pushed himself up until he was sitting, and rubbed his hand on his eyes until he managed to actually see something in front of him. Richie looked at the people passing by, staring at him with weird expressions. With one more sigh, he pushed himself up, turning to look at the Paul Bettany statue, still in its place as it had never left.

Fucking clown. Why use the fucking statue? Couldn't he think of anything else to use against me? Richie dusted the grass off of his clothes the best he could, which wasn't much; there was still a lot of dirt on them and on him. He hissed when his hand caught on a scrape on his arm, sparks of pain shooting up.

There wasn't much he could do about it—he wasn't like Eddie to have a whole first aid kit on his at all times—, so he only buried his hands in his pockets and made his way back to the arcade. He was careful, head snapping back and forth as he kept an eye out for Bowers and his gang. Richie had already been lucky enough to escape without Bowers actually hitting him, and he would very much rather not push his luck. *Bowers must've been in a good fucking mood. Just screaming has to be some kind of record for him.*

Richie managed to get his bike without Bowers seeing him and he pedalled off, no destination in his mind. He barely noticed where he was going, letting his legs and arms go wherever the hell they wanted. Richie barely processed what he was seeing, mind blank and

eyes unfocused. He knew there were a few honks when he crossed the streets, people screaming at him, but he didn't process it.

He only snapped out of his mind when he stopped in front of a house, not taking five seconds before recognizing it—Eddie's. Richie froze in front of it, not knowing what to do; Eddie was probably there but not Ms. K. He would be able to see Eddie if he was brave enough to actually knock on the door—and Eddie considering wanted to see him too.

Letting his bike rest against the house, Richie went to Eddie's window, staying close to it with his hand raised up. It was closed, along with the curtain, and there wasn't any sound coming from inside. Richie didn't know if he should just suck it up and knock, or if he should just leave and go home.

Fuck, I should go. Eddie probably doesn't want to see me, anyway. He's definitely not gonna let me in and I can't exactly tell him what happened. Fuck. He sighed as he pushed his glasses up his nose and then ribbed his hands on his jeans to clean the sweat from them. He raised his hand again, knocking on the glass before he could lose the small courage he had.

The knocks were frantic and it wasn't long before the curtain was pushed aside, Eddie's face appearing, eyes widening in a fraction of a second and lips thinning, head snapping to the door and back to Richie before he pushed the window open.

"What the hell are you doing here, Rich?" Eddie's voice was hushed and anxious as he whispered, eyes going from the door to Richie.

Richie opened his mouth to answer but snapped it shut when he could find his voice. *What the hell am I doing here? Now, that's a great fucking question.* His mouth opened and closed a few more times but Richie couldn't think of anything to say; he didn't want to say the truth but he couldn't think of a lie either.

He sighed as he lowered his eyes, staring at his hands playing with the hem of his shirt. "I know we're not supposed to see each other," Richie fought to keep his voice steady, "and that your mother's pissed, but can I... stay here? Just for a few hours? Please?" His voice

broke and Richie fought to keep the sob from coming up his throat.

Eddie's eyes and expression softened before he stepped aside and waved Richie in. Eddie didn't bother to close the window after Richie climbed it, walking to the door instead. Richie sat on the edge of the bed, letting his head drop as he stared down his hands between his legs.

Eddie sat carefully by his side and Richie fought to keep himself from flinching. He started to worry his bottom lip between his teeth, hands still fidgeting the other. Richie raised his head when Eddie placed his hand on top of his, the other pushing Richie's glasses up. He didn't fight when Eddie pulled him between his arms, just circling his own around Eddie and burying his head in the crook of Eddie's neck. He almost opened his mouth to joke about Eddie hugging him when he was dirty, but it died before it could even get to his lips.

He felt the weight of Eddie's head on top of his as Eddie's hands ran up and down his back. Eddie pulled them to the middle of the bed, rocking back and forth, hand still on Richie's back. Richie let himself be held by Eddie, relaxing and just appreciating the company. Bowers's words still rang in his mind and Richie forced his eyelids close, trying to stop Bowers's voice inside his brain.

"Thanks, Eds," Richie broke the silence, hoping his voice would shut Bowers's.

Eddie shrugged before replying, "It's nothing, Rich, really. Are you feeling better?"

Richie sniffled as he let go of Eddie to sit, eyes on Eddie. "A little, yeah. I'm sorry for just coming when I know I shouldn't."

"Don't worry about it." Eddie smiled at him. "Mah may be poised but I'm not, and I'll be here for you, you know that, right?"

Richie tried to smile, letting his eyes fall to his lap. He closed his hands, taking a deep breath as Eddie spoke again, "What happened, Rich?"

He shook his head softly. "It was just Bowers, nothing much, don't

worry about."

Eddie scoffed lightly. "Not worry about it? Rich, you look like you just saw a ghost and you have a scrape on your arm." Eddie's voice lowered and got more worried, "Did he do something to you?"

Richie moved his eyes to look at the scrape. *Huh, I had forgotten about it.* He raised his hand to clean the blood but Eddie held his arm. "Hey, are you crazy? You could get it infected. More than it probably is already. Let me get something to clean it up."

Eddie was out of the room before Richie could open his mouth, so he let his eyes fall back on the scrape, not actually seeing it. He barely even noticed when Eddie knelt by his side, working on getting the scrape clean. Richie only let out a hiss of pain through his teeth when Eddie rubbed the cotton with alcohol on it. He then put a bandage on it and Richie couldn't help the small smile on his lips as he looked at Eddie putting the kit at the foot of the bed.

Richie let himself be pulled into Eddie's arms once more when Eddie sat at the bed again. He put one of his arms around Eddie's waist, head resting on Eddie's chest and the other hand on top of Eddie's heart, feeling it beat under his palm. Eddie started to thread his fingers through Richie's hair and Richie practically purred.

His glasses annoyed him when they were pushed to the side so he took them off, placing them on the nightstand and laying back with a happy sigh, comfortable as fuck. Bowers's voice started playing in his mind again, but Richie pushed it away, tightening his hold on Eddie and focusing on Eddie's hand in his hair instead. He barely even noticed when he started to drift off, finally being able to relax after Bowers and Pennywise. And Richie couldn't think of a better place to be than Eddie's arms.

Notes for the Chapter:

As always, you can find me on [tumblr](#)

Author's Note:

Kudos, comments and bookmarks are always

welcomed!

As always, you can find me on [tumblr](#). Come talk to me! I'm nice, I swear.